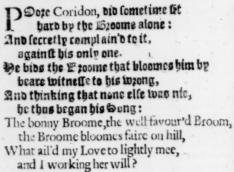
The New Broome.





If Syrinx for despissing Pan
the Shepheards god, was changed,
Into a Riede, may I not then,
hope well to be renenged
On Galatea? whose distaine
for sorrow both consume
Poore Coridon, who fill complaines,
and mournes among the Broome,
The bonny Broome, &c.

If proud Apollo fell in love with that Penean dame,
And left his blest above about,
to fiede his fleshly flame,
For pride fone turned in a Tree,
that Death should be her Doome:
Shall the not fometime figh for me,
and monthe amongst the Broome?
The benny Broome, &c.

For the bath fene my Agbes and teares, and knowes my kinde intent:
Det feornes for to regard my cares, and laughes when I lament.
Det though a looke would fend reliefe, to ease my grieued grone:



First would the then to ende my griefe, be buried in the 15 200me, The bonny Broome, &c.

Th, would the leave her cop distance, which makes me dwine and die.

And pitty him who fill complaines, that the so cope flould bie.

Dooze Coridon would out of boubt, his wonted incesternme:

And fing her praises round about the borders of the Broome.

The bonny Broome, &c.

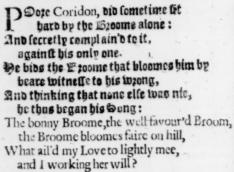
But fince the fill continues core, and carelesse of my care:
I will awake the blinded Boy, my sute so, to beclare:
That he oner whom my Histresse proud so proudly both presame:
And make her sigh and sing aloud, sad songs about the Broome:
The bonny Broome, &c.

Cife proud Apollo I the pray,
to turne ber in a Tre:
Pan throw thy pleasant Pipe away,
Pake her thy Radoe to be.
In tree or Newse when the is changed.
let none of these beare bloome:
So will I holde me well renenged,
and blithly fing the Broome
Beare witnesse Broome, thou dainty Broom
that bloomes on hill and dale:
Since Galerca lightlies me,
I take my long Farewell.

FINIS.
London Printed for F. Coles.

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